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The wanderer



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THE
W A N D E R E R;
O R,
EDWARD TO ELEONORA.
A
P O E M.

Amour! cruel Amour! tes amertumes et tes douceurs
sont également funestes---et les mortels perissent
toujours ou de tes maux, ou de tes remedes!

John Bell



Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at Johnson's Head, No. 46, Fleet-street.

MDCCCLXXXV.

W ANDERSON

DWARD to ELEANORA

B O E M

Amount of the above account is as follows
and of the same is hereby acknowledged
by the undersigned on the 1st day of



Printed by G. K. K. at the Press of the

THE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

E A R L P E R C Y, COLONEL;

AND TO THE OTHER

OFFICERS OF HIS MAJESTY'S FIFTH (or NORTHUMBERLAND)

R E G I M E N T O F F O O T,

THE FOLLOWING

P O E M

I S I N S C R I B E D:

AS A SMALL MARK OF THE RESPECT AND ESTEEM

OF THEIR MOST DEVOTED,

MOST FAITHFUL,

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

20th October, 1784.

The A U T H O R.

865721

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

AND TO THE OTHER

MEMBERS OF HIS MAJESTY'S COUNCIL (or Parliament)

RESOLUTION OF THE

THE FOLLOWING

P. O. E. M.

IS IN THE

A SMALL PART OF THE RESPECT AND ESTEEM

OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

IN THE

AND GRANTING

THE

1871

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Composition of the following Poem has been the employment of its Author when at a loss for amusement, or when no source of it could be found, so innocent and satisfactory.---He now, with diffidence, submits it to the Public; and while from the candid and liberal Critic he will be proud of the acknowledgment of any merit it may possess, to him, he will be equally grateful for the correction of its errors.

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A R G U M E N T.

EDWARD and Eleonora, celebrated for their unhappy attachment and misfortunes, flourished in Scotland about the end of the thirteenth century. With exquisite beauty, and elegance of form, Eleonora had the softest heart, and most interesting manner. Edward was bold, fiery, and impetuous---his heart was full of sensibility; but his passions were violent, and ungovernable. Soon after his birth, his Father, in a contest with a neighbouring Baron, had been deprived of his possessions, and his life; and had left his son friendless, and unprotected. Touched with the helpless condition of Edward, a powerful Baron took him
under

A R G U M E N T.

under his care, and adopted him as his own. As he advanced in years, he shewed a vigour of genius, that, it was hoped, would repair the fortunes of his house, and do honour to his country. He frequently signalized himself against the English, and gradually grew into the esteem of his countrymen, by his dauntless valour, and passionate attachment to Liberty. At the age of twenty, at the Castle of his Patron, he first beheld his Eleonora. Her beauty, her voice, her manner, gave him sensations to which hitherto he had been a stranger, and inspired him with an attachment, which ended in mutual ruin.

In the long contest with Edward the First, Edward and his Patron took up arms against that Monarch, in defence of the freedom of their country; and soon after, by the assistance of his friends, he obtained the

terri-

A R G U M E N T.

territories of which his Father had been deprived. The Father of Eleonora, having joined the opposite party, removed his Daughter from the Castle of Balarno to England, where soon, her connection with Edward was discovered by its consequences. Enraged at the dishonour of his Daughter, he turned his arms against Edward, whom, with the assistance of the English King, he expelled from his lately acquired possessions; at the same time obtaining an edict, which condemned him to perpetual exile.

His Patron had fallen in battle, and his party was now ruined. Driven from his native country, he wandered over a great part of Europe; his mind distracted with love, ambition, and an ardent desire of revenge. For ever deprived of his Eleonora, all his friends being either slain, or imprisoned, he sunk under the pressure
of

A R G U M E N T.

of accumulated misfortunes, and died of a broken heart, in some part of Norway, about the twenty-fourth year of his age.

The following epistle is supposed to have been written in his exile. The unfortunate object of his love was shut up in an old Castle in an unfrequented part of Scotland, where she passed the remainder of her days in cherishing the remembrance of Edward, and in weeping over their mutual sufferings, and misconduct.

THE WANDERER, &c.

AS o'er the world's extended waste I roam,
Far from my friends, my country, and my home,
An hapless Wanderer! ever doom'd to prove
The pang severe of disappointed Love;
Still thy idea clouds my lonely way,
Whether o'er Afric's burning sands I stray,
Or on the hills of cold Siberia cast,
Tempt the fierce rigour of the Northern blast!

In vain I fly thee !---source of all my woe !
 Thy form pursues me wherefoe'er I go ; 10
 Those fatal charms which once, in happier days,
 I fondly priz'd beyond a Nation's praise,
 With sad remembrance haunt my tortur'd brain,
 Fire all my breast, and rage thro' every vein ;
 Bid Fame no longer waste her smiles on me,
 And bold Ambition leave my soul for thee !
 Ah, Eleonora ! lovely, peerless Maid,
 In whom my soul its kindred form survey'd !
 Say thou, dear object of my every thought,
 Canst thou destroy the charm thyself hast wrought ? 20
 Tear thy lov'd image from my troubl'd breast,
 Restore me to myself, and heal my wounded rest !
 Ah, no ! these ever-streaming tears proclaim
 My woes deep-rooted in my inmost frame ;

For while o'er worlds unknown I wildly rove,
 And eager strive to steal one thought from love :
 Where'er I turn thy fatal form appears,
 Wakes me to madness, or demands my tears ;
 Where'er I roam, I seek for peace in vain,
 Ah, vainly seek one interval from pain !

30

Ere I beheld thee---with indifference blest,
 No idle sorrow harbour'd in my breast ;
 Like the calm lake unruffled and serene,
 When every breeze is hush'd along the plain ;
 If o'er its breast some rambling Zephyr stray,
 The quivering waves its gentle touch obey,
 And quivering, circling, silent sink away :
 So oft the transient pain of fancied woes
 Ruffled the stillness of my mind's repose ;

Then

Then first I saw thy lovely form appear, 40
 Then first thy fatal name assail'd my ear :
 I saw thee fair ! and eagerly resign'd
 For thee each object of my tranquil mind.
 In vain Concealment strove to quench the flame,
 The more conceal'd, the fiercer it became* ;
 Absent from thee, I felt yet unknown fears,
 I wept---nor knew the reason of my tears---
 Still in my ear thy pleasing accents hung,
 Oft flow'd thy name from my unconscious tongue---
 How thrill'd each nerve thro' this enraptur'd frame, 50
 When first those eyes approv'd thy Edward's flame !
 Those eyes, inform'd by Nature to impart,
 Love's softest feelings to an Hermit's heart ;

* Quoque magis tegitur, tectus magis aestuat ignis. OVID.

Bright as that ray, whose ever-glorious light,
 Dispell'd the horrors of primæval night;
 O, with what rapture glow'd my breast the while,
 Touch'd by the magic of thy lovely smile!
 That heavenly smile! whose light'ning can controul
 The wildest tumult of th' impassion'd soul;
 Whose rays have kindl'd, when by Grief suppress'd, 60
 The torch of Hope in pale Misfortune's breast;
 And to its fruitful source compell'd to fly
 The mournful tenant of Affliction's eye!
 While on those lips my soul enraptur'd hung,
 Each sense suspended, and each nerve unstrung,
 Love!---Love alone, engross'd my wayward brain,
 Ambition sigh'd, and Honour sued in vain,
 Nor Fame, nor Wealth, had longer charms for me;
 Fame, Wealth, Ambition, I resign'd for thee!

Then Hope's gay smile beam'd o'er my future years, 70
 But Reason, trembling, mingled smiles with tears ;
 For, thro' the veil of Hope, her eye perceiv'd
 My heart by Pain in Pleasure's garb deceiv'd ;
 Illusive Hope still led my soul astray,
 The Syren smil'd, and Passion smooth'd the way !
 But soon the dear illusion ceas'd to please,
 And baseless prov'd the dream of future ease ;
 Each opening prospect droop'd its tow'ring head,
 And all the glitt'ring train of Fancy fled !

Now, in these wilds, where Silence holds her reign, 80
 And Nature's tear bedews th' unfertile plain,
 Too well in these forsaken climes I find
 The sad resemblance of my desert mind ;
 For now with grief, with every care oppress'd,
 Each nobler passion flies my gloomy breast,

Each

Each hope that charm'd when life's gay morning smil'd,
And leaves Despair sole tenant of the wild.

Oft when the morn emits its earliest ray
I wander forth, regardless of my way ;
Amid the horrors of Norwegian snows, 90
Where wild and loud the ruthless tempest blows ;
Where distant suns dispense their languid ray,
And Winter's mantle faddens all the day :
Far where no trace of human kind is known,
I fly to find one lonely spot my own.
For now methinks these languid looks disclose
To every eye the nature of my woes ;
Oft from yon cliff, whose wild stupendous form
Wars with the torrent, and defies the storm,
My eager eyes the wat'ry waste explore, 100
To catch one glance of Caledonia's shore ;

Far,

Far, where the ocean seems to prop the skies,
 Methinks I see the well-known land arise.
 Ah me, what tumults then assail my soul,
 Wild as the billows that beneath me roll !
 How chang'd my lot since that all-glorious day,
 When my keen sword oppos'd a tyrant's sway ?
 When Bards, inspir'd for me, awak'd the lyre,
 And warm'd my breast with all a patriot's fire ;
 When hovering o'er me, in her flaming car, 110
 The red-ey'd spirit of the direful war
 Nerv'd my young arm, tho' host on host arose,
 To hurl her thunder on my country's foes !
 Then glory, roaming o'er the field of fame,
 Beam'd on the opening honours of my name,
 Led me triumphant thro' the battle's wild,
 And Vict'ry, perch'd upon my helmet, smil'd !

Now

Now lost to hope, while all my fires decay,
 Friendless, unshelter'd, o'er the world I stray ;
 Unworthy deem'd of every human care, 120
 A Man of Sorrow !---guided by Despair !
 In vain for me the Spring displays her store,
 My happy days with Spring return no more ;
 O now farewell the joys I once possess'd,
 When Spring returning saw no happier breast ;
 Now Spring shall come---with wonted lustre shine,
 And wake to gladness every heart but mine* !

Tho' droops my soul beneath our private woe,
 Still for my Country one sad tear shall flow ;
 Once happy land! where Freedom soar'd along, 130
 Borne on the wings of Ossian's towering song ;

* O primavera gioventu del anno

Bella Madre de fiori, &c. &c.

GUARINI.

Then, Rome's bold spirit glow'd in Scotland's veins,
 Then, shone thy sons on war's embattl'd plains,
 Then---nobly fir'd!--a tyrant's pow'r withstood ;
 And fed young Freedom with a tyrant's blood !
 Here dwells that Freedom, which, yet unsubdued,
 Thro' every toil thy daring sons pursued,
 On these rude rocks, all barren, bleak and bare,
 With mien undaunted, and majestic air ;
 Towering aloft, behold the Goddess stand, 140
 And breathe her daring spirit o'er the land !
 Smiling to see her hardy sons arise,
 And stubborn-breasted, brave the polar skies !
 When Heaven offended in its anger hurl'd
 Discord, and Rapine, o'er the antient world ;
 When Roman virtue with her Cato died,
 And Conscript-fathers bow'd to Cæsar's pride ;

When

When loft Philippi gave new caufe to mourn
 Brutus from life, and from his country torn ;
 Then blood-ftain'd Freedom rais'd her drooping head, 150
 And from the walls of Rome indignant fled,
 Spurning the fetters of Imperial fway,
 O'er tracklefs wilds ſhe bent her devious way ;
 Her Parent, Nature, in the defert ſmil'd,
 And Freedom rais'd her ſtandard in the wild !

Fir'd with my theme, I catch a glorious flame,
 And burn to raife my long-neglected name,
 Ambition's current nobly ſpurns controul,
 And wakes the native vigour of my foul,
 Affumes the ſway ignoble Love poſſeſs'd, 160
 And reigns a while the ſovereign of my breaſt !
 Yet ſoon with unavailing ſighs I feel
 O'er every ſenſe th' alluring ſoftneſs ſteal,

Quick thro' each vein the fatal poison move,
 Unman my foul, and give me back to love!
 Again I view thee! in idea blest,
 Catch the warm sigh, and pant upon thy breast!
 What can Ambition's every source afford?
 What, tho' the prostrate world should call me Lord,
 Yet He whose sword on Cannæ's fatal plain 170
 Wak'd pale-ey'd terror in Rome's ev'ry vein;
 Even He the world's great empire did resign,
 Lost in the folds of meaner charms than thine.
 Were Heav'n's rich joys reserv'd alone for me,
 This rebel heart would fly from Heav'n to thee,
 If mine the transport which thy charms bestow,
 Ev'n Heav'n itself, without one pang, forego!

When o'er my head Misfortune held her dart,
 And when she pierc'd this agonized heart,

Didst thou not clasp me to thy faithful breast, 180
 Soothe every care, and hush my soul to rest ;
 Ah ! then must he, who now thy woes should share,
 Who now should prove thy refuge from despair :
 Must he whose arms have oft with rapture prest
 Thy lovely form to this enamour'd breast ;
 On which reclin'd you blam'd the too short night,
 Lost in the wild delirium of delight ;
 Must he forsake thee, and unkindly leave,
 To sad despair the generous heart you gave !
 Ah ! ever doom'd, distraction in thy air, 190
 Thy locks dishevel'd, and thy bosom bare.
 In lone complaints to sigh the night away,
 Fly from thyself, and dread the coming day ;
 Doom'd its return, unceasing to proclaim,
 With tears of anguish, and the blush of shame.

O Misery ! thou, whose all-subduing power,
 This heart acknowledg'd in life's earliest hour ;
 Whose fatal dart with aim unerring thrown,
 Even in my cradle mark'd me as thy own :
 O from thy stores of sorrow hadst thou brought 200
 Some keener pang with poignant anguish fraught ;
 Some untried pang thy vengeance had preserv'd,
 To strike for crimes, as yet unknown, reserv'd.
 Hadst thou on me thine utmost rancour shed,
 Exhausted all thy quiver on my head ;
 Oh did I singly bleed, not all thy art,
 Could wring one sigh from this distracted heart ;
 But now---in vain I strive thy wrath to bear,
 Since Eleonora falls---sad victim of despair !
 O thou whom beauty's varied charms adorn, 210
 Mild as the Zephyr of the vernal morn !

When

When Love, in more than wonted softness drest,
 With smiles assail'd thy unsuspecting breast;
 Had I, regardless of myself, reveal'd
 The various woe beneath his smile conceal'd;
 Then would have flow'd, for other's woes alone,
 The tear that now is dropping o'er thy own;
 Peace in thy breast have rear'd her fav'rite flower,
 And Pleasure shar'd with thee her envied power.

Such was thy lot, till cruel Edward stole 220
 Virtue's mild Sceptre from thy guiltless soul;
 In evil hour the ruthless spoiler came,
 Seduc'd thy heart, and gave thee all to shame!

Yet ah! while musing o'er thy varied woe,
 No vain remorse this stubborn breast can know;
 For, when to Fancy's eye thy form appears,
 Beauty's warm beams emerging from thy tears

Again

Again my fond impaſſion'd boſom fire,
 And rouze each thrilling tumult of deſire:
 I mourn thy woes, which Mem'ry brings to view, 230
 Yet midſt my tears I kindle all anew.
 Reaſon gives way to Paſſion's wild controul,
 And all thy beauties burſt upon my ſoul !
 My Love appears, array'd in every charm,
 With joy long loſt this frozen breaſt to warm :
 Drives from my mind all thought of former pain,
 And calls me back to Love and bliſs again !
 Yet Miſery ſoon, in ten-fold terrors dreſt,
 Flies to aſſert her empire o'er my breaſt ;
 While all her fiends their ready aid impart 240
 To drag thy fatal image from my heart—
 In vain they ſtrive ! tho' ruin'd and oppreſt,
 Still ſhalt thou find a ſhelter in my breaſt ;

Still shall thy dear idea there remain,
 And Love with Misery hold divided reign !
 Come Eleonora !---thou for whom I live,
 For whom alone with ceaseless tears I grieve ;
 Come and recall past pleasures to my sight,
 Grant me once more to taste of rich delight ;
 Once more to sink into thy folding arms, 250
 Grow to thy breast, and riot on thy charms ;
 Once more to seal the wild impassion'd kifs,
 And drink distraction from the cup of bliss !

Ah no ! ah no ! to thee those joys are o'er,
 And Love's illusions mock thy soul no more ;
 Too long beneath their fascinating sway,
 Reason and virtue prostrate captives lay.
 Now let me turn, where to those weeping eyes,
 Thy peace destroy'd, and bleeding fame arise !

And then behold Love's idle train retire, 260
 And the last roses of thy cheek expire ;
 Whose charms once beaming with celestial day,
 Turn'd Reason giddy at the bright display—
 Where once they shone, see Disappointment low'r,
 And Life's soft soother sink beneath her power ;
 Prepar'd for guiding, thro' the vale of pain,
 Thy trembling Spirit to her dark domain !

Can I forget---when late with wandering spent,
 As near yon shore my languid steps I bent,
 The wearied sun-beams on the waters lay, 270
 And twitt'ring Swallows skimm'd the watery way :
 Calm was the sea, the winds were heard no more,
 While lazy surges feebly reach'd the shore ;
 Slept every breeze, and clear the boundless sky,
 All Nature smil'd, and all seem'd blest---but I—

Even then thy woes as weeping Fancy drew
 Thy well-known image stole upon my view,
 How chang'd from her, who in Balarno's grove
 Ravish'd my soul with all the blifs of Love!
 Pale, and dejected---in her penfive air 280
 Appear'd the stillness of resign'd despair!
 One tear which Sorrow had forgot to freeze,
 Beam'd in that eye whose lustre yet could please,
 With her soft hair the lovely tear she dry'd,
 And thus the wretch in broken accents sigh'd :
 " How long, Great Heaven, on this poor helpless head
 " Wilt thou the rigour of thine anger shed,
 " Lo, a pale victim shrinks beneath thy rod,
 " Lost to herself, her father, and her God!
 " Forgive the frailty of a wretched maid, 190
 " Whose artless soul, by guilty love betray'd,
 " Seeks

“ Seeks its lost peace in penitence and pray’r,

“ And flies to thee from anguish and despair !”

Known to misfortune, while a child in years,

My life’s first dawning overcast with tears,

My rising youth by Love’s soft power betray’d,

Its fires extinguish’d, and its bloom decay’d ;

Young as I am, for me no joys remain,

And length of being is but length of pain :

A life of tears ! which yet unceasing start,

290

Wrung by the gripe of anguish from my heart !

Come then, O Death ! and soothe my troubl’d breast,

Transport my soul to realms of endless rest,

Lay thy cold hand on this distracted brain,

Deaden each nerve, and temper every pain,

Blot out each stain of sorrow from my mind,

Nor leave one trace of all I love behind !

Soon

Soon shall this breast still faithful cease to glow,
 This heart to tremble, and these tears to flow ;
 At that sad hour, when Fancy's dreams are o'er,
 When Love can charm, and Hope deceive no more,
 Perhaps some generous stranger's tender care
 May soothe the last sad moments of despair ;
 Some sympathizing breast with pity mov'd,
 Some kindred spirit who like me has lov'd,
 At Life's last hour may catch my fleeting breath,
 And into smiles convert the pang of death ;
 Even then this Stranger shall with wonder see
 My parting soul still fondly cling to thee ;
 While Life expiring glimmers in my eye,
 See thy idea load my farewell sigh ;
 See that idea warm my fainting heart,
 Till life and Love in one sad sigh depart.—

F I N I S.

seen / Shall this breast still kindle tears to flow;
 its heart to tremble, and its tears to flow;
 that sad hour, when Mary's dream was o'er,
 when I've can dream, and hope decline no more;
 I hope some gentler stranger's tender care
 my footie the last sad moments of despair;
 me sympathizing breast with pity move;
 the kindred spirit who like me has loved;
 Little last hour may catch my fleeting breath;
 and into smiles convert the pang of death;
 when then this stranger shall with wonder see
 parting soul still looking to thee;
 the life expiring glimmers in my eye;
 thy ideal form my inward eye;
 that thou wert my living love;
 all and more in one sad sight appear—

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